

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1918

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# Reedy's MIRROR

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PRICE TEN CENTS  
THREE DOLLARS THE YEAR



## GOV. FOLK HELPS PRESIDENT WILSON

The greatest question in the world to-day is to win this World's War and make the world safe for Democracy. Governor Folk was in Washington as a part of the administration of President Wilson for four years and is intimately acquainted with all the details leading up to the declaration of war. In the United States Senate he will help President Wilson in waging the war unceasingly until brought to a victorious end and thereby secure justice and peace to the world.

Governor Folk is no experiment. We know what he will do by what he has done. His record of achievements is a guarantee for future performances. He has been tried as a public official and has always made good. He has a national reputation and has rendered great service to the nation by helping President Wilson.

When the terms of peace are being considered by the Senate a defeated Germany will still continue to plot and corrupt public opinion, but Governor Folk has a thorough understanding of the war issues from the very beginning. He had the vision in the early days to see what the war meant and he will have the judgment to pass upon the treaty of peace from a 100 per cent American standpoint.

Governor Folk was appointed by President Wilson as Counsellor for the Department of State, and then served for four years as Chief Counsel for the Interstate Commerce Commission in the administration of President Wilson.

After the war is won the next greatest question in the United States will be the proper solution of our railway problem and the development of our waterways. Freight and passenger rates must be made reasonable and just to the farmer, shipper and all others using such service. For our Government to properly transport our soldiers, handle our war munitions, food supplies and fuel, it became necessary for President Wilson to take over the control of the railroads of the United States. While Chief Counsel to the Interstate Commerce Commission Gov. Folk rendered an important opinion which went to President Wilson that the President had the power and authority, as a war measure to take over and operate the railroads under Federal control. Gov. Folk's wide experience as Chief Counsel to the Interstate Commerce Commission makes him specially well qualified for United States Senator to help solve this great problem.

In recognition of these splendid services President Wilson thanked Governor Folk in the following letters:

"November 19, 1912.

My dear Governor Folk:

Thank you warmly for your letter of November 9th, which has given me a great deal of pleasure. I think you know how much gratified I have been by your constant and generous confidence and support.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

Hon. Joseph W. Folk,  
St. Louis, Missouri."

"December 12, 1917.

My dear Governor Folk:

Thank you very much for your memorandum about the administration of the railways. It helps my thought materially.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

Hon. Joseph W. Folk,  
Interstate Commerce Commission."

**A VOTE FOR GOV. FOLK FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR  
IS A VOTE TO UPHOLD PRESIDENT WILSON.**

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Free verse and pencil drawing depictions of twenty types in a city block.

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Why the French are at war, how they are fighting, the only peace terms which France will accept, as told by the editor of Le Matin, himself a member of the French mission to the United States. Preface by James M. Beck.

KNIGHTS OF THE AIR by Bennett A. Molter. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

Information regarding the air service told by an aviator. Illustrated.

MARY ELIZABETH'S WAR-TIME RECIPES. New York: F. A. Stokes Co., \$1.25.

One hundred recipes giving directions for making sugarless candies, meatless soups, entrees, wheatless bread and cakes, new dishes of fish and vegetables, appetizing salads, war-time desserts and beverages. Twenty-one illustrations and frontispiece portrait of the cook.

SAVE IT FOR WINTER by Frederick Frye Rockwell. New York: F. A. Stokes Co., \$1.

A practical manual of food preservation, showing how to grow, prepare and keep vegetables and fruits for future use. The book shows exactly what to save and the best method of so doing. A detailed explanation is given of dehydrating, the latest approved method of food preservation in the home.



# REEDY'S MIRROR

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## REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## Germany on the Ropes

By William Marion Reedy

IN all probability the Germans are going to get out of the pocket between Rheims and Soissons by masterly tactics. The allies have not enough men to close the mouth of the pocket but they have wrought fearsome havoc upon the withdrawing foe. The drive, driven back, may stand on the Vesle, but more probably on the Aisne, where old positions are still in good condition to be occupied and held. There is no hope now of an allied victory like that of Sedan. As the Germans are pressed from three sides they gain in power of resistance, so we may expect the allied offensive gradually to slow down and enemy fibre to stiffen. The allies have won a victory. They have broken the German monopoly of initiative and disorganized the whole plan of campaign. Paris is safe and so probably are the channel ports. The weight of the Americans has been felt but even more than that they have freshened the spirit and braced the morale of the allies. Can the Germans rearrange their plans and deliver the battle of decision before a million—may be two million—more Americans arrive? It does not seem possible. But without undue optimism we can say that the turn of the tide has come. There is this retreat. Austria is anaemic. Turkey and Bulgaria are discontented vassals. Russian resentment of Brest-Litovsk grows so that a reconstruction of the eastern front is imminent. Japan, Great Britain, France and this country are going to do something for Russia that will develop Muscovite resistance to the Teuton; soviet insolence to allied ambassadors invites expeditions to maintain order. China is to be financed into preparedness for mobilization. From what filters through Amsterdam, Stockholm and Berne from the German newspapers, it is clear that the myth of Prussian invincibility is dissipated. More Yankees are coming. The u-boats can't stop them. Britain can't be starved; her food supply is secure. The supply of shipping mounts steadily. It is to be hoped that we shall catch up where we have fallen down on airplane production and the way to do that is to put the whole business of providing means of aviation in charge of someone not of the army or navy, as Senator Reed of Missouri proposes. General Pershing cables that too many of the airplanes supplied are useless. We need a Hoover for the air service management. We need too that demonstrative gesture of democracy which the President recommends for its psychologic effect—the passage by the senate of the resolution for a woman suffrage amendment to the constitution. The unfranchised women are a little nation we must regard. And it is a pity that the case of Ireland *vs.* England cannot be submitted, as John Dillon suggests, to arbitration at our President's hand. There can't be too much emphasis on that democracy for the preservation and dissemination of which we are to spend

eight billion dollars more and call to arms three million more men. That is the moral weight we have got to put behind physical force to the utmost, first that Germany shall never again set the fighting pace, and second that we may not be fended off from victory by any peace proposals short of German restitution and reparation for her crime of crimes against civilization.

NEW YORK, July 31.

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## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

An Incident

IT'S this sort of thing, you know. . . . I was sitting in a chop house and the friend for whom I was waiting came. With him was a soldier person with one of those caps that mark the flier—a tall figure, with a frame that seemed precariously articulated, with a face having a strange ascetic look. We were introduced. He was major—never mind the name. He spoke. His voice was of uncanny sound as of falsetto and huskiness.

"Won't you sit down, major?"

His friend and mine sat down. The major started to do so. A waiter touched him on the arm—"You can't sit in here, sir—"

"But I'm not going to drink."

"No matter. Sorry sir—house's orders, sir."

"Well, this is nice. I'm just back from France and this is what I get. I'm a pest to my friends." He went out, refusing to listen to us and tears were in his eyes.

"Sorry, sirs," the waiter explained. "House's orders, sirs. They musn't sit down. We can't sell them drinks and if they sit down someone else orders and passes 'em to 'em. And if we're caught we lose our license. Self-protection, you know. They can sit in any other part of the house but not in the bar. It's the government forces us to it, you know."

"What's so odd in the major's face?" I asked my friend.

"Think there's something odd?"

"Yes, it's pathetic and—ominous. And his voice has something like decay in it."

"You're a bit odd yourself, Bill. But here's the story. Major—no matter—is just back from France. He had seen service in Canada as a private, had risen to a captaincy, left the army. The war came on. He wanted in. Wanted a commission in the army. Nothing doing. He'd have to go to a school of instruction. But how ridiculous. He had been an officer, knew all the things, at least all that a captain should know. Why waste months in the instruction school? The rules. He appealed to Secretary Baker. No use. The rules were unchangeable. The major wouldn't wait. He rustled around and got back in the Canadian service, rising to a majority. He was gassed in one of the drives of the Germans. That's what you notice about his voice—the effect of the gas. It was the latest German gas with phosphorus in it—the stuff you know that gives the workers in match factories phossy jaw—a horrible disease. He's back to see if he can't be cured. . . . He can't. The stuff is working down in him and it will get his heart. He's around fixing up his little affairs. This morning they told him at the Flexner Institute



that he's got just about three weeks to live—that's the look in his face."

And the major wasn't allowed to sit down with his friend because he might get a drink that would imperil the liquor license of the chop-house keeper. It's this sort of thing, you know, that. . . I wonder if I shall ever forget his face or his voice?



#### *Savers and Spenders*

I HEARD a very rich man say this: "The war is going to make spenders out of savers and savers out of spenders. How? The savers are the people who get rich, you know. With the government taxing them so, why should they save? Why not give to all the drives for this or that cause? Those savers will have something left after all. Now the spenders are the fellows who have always been living up to everything they make and a little more. The government is after them too. But they can't spend all and pay the taxes too. They will have to conserve their incomes. So you see the war will make the savers spenders and the spenders savers." Don't you like that? The big rich get their money by saving. O la-la-lala! Not at all by catching on to the system and finding out how to get other people to work for them. The war will be a failure if it doesn't show the way to prevent one set of people drawing the wage of another and smaller set of people.



#### *Rent Profiteering*

NEW YORK has a severe attack of landlorditis. Everybody's rent is being raised, if the landlord can possibly do it. The rent goes up everywhere to such an extent that many people are in danger of being made homeless. The answer to the question, "What rent?" is practically, "All you've got." This goes on all over the town. It plays hob with workers. They are driven to the suburbs for lower rent and then they are hit by higher railway fares. New York's police department completed last week a census of vacant apartments in the city. There were found 10,000 of them. It is estimated this must mean 100,000 rooms. The police didn't take a census of vacant lots. There is a plenty of them. There is more than a plenty of shacks. They all represent the great landlord hold-out on the public. How would it do to tax every landlord a goodly sum on every empty room, or, better, on every empty lot? The big daily papers discuss the apartment famine extensively but none of them discusses it from this angle. The way to stop rent profiteering is for the government to take all the rent in taxes. This is the way to prevent all profiteering, war or no war.



#### *Inheritance Preparedness*

I FIND that a great new business in this town is the insurance of people's inheritance taxes. When a lot of money is left these days by someone, the government, national and state, levies an inheritance tax. When it has to be paid there is trouble. If it is a large sum it cannot well be paid save by selling the securities of the estate in a depressed market. This means a big loss. The government recognizing this, tries to help out by taking liberty bonds at par for such taxes. But everybody hasn't, though everybody should have, enough liberty bonds to pay the taxes. Therefore these big rich folks turn to one of the big insurance companies. They pay the company—the Equitable let us say—a certain good percentage upon the estimated valuation of the estate. The charge is enough to save the company from loss. The company won't insure people who are of too advanced age, or people who have diseases likely to carry them off. Insurers have to undergo medical examination. The examination is quite rigorous. If one passes, he or she pays a nice fat annual premium. It has to be fat because there is a chance that inheritance taxes will grow heavier for some years, and the company has to guard itself against such increase. There are, of course, some people in New York whose estates are so large that their possessors

cannot be fully insured in one company or even in two or three. They take all they can get, and take chances on the remainder. Mr. J. P. Morgan has insured himself to the tune of \$2,000,000 but this won't cover his estates taxes if he should die. The business is a good thing for the insurance companies. The war is a good thing all around for the insurance business. "Doesn't government insurance hurt your business?" I asked Mr. Charles Jerome Edwards, of Brooklyn, a big gun in the Equitable. "Not a bit," said he. "The war has boomed life insurance. The government has given us a big ad. When it went into the business the government told everybody that insurance is the best thing ever. Insuring the soldiers draws other people into insurance. The war has boosted inheritance tax insurance, for example. The war has turned the minds of women to insurance. War taxes have set people to thinking of life insurance because fortunes that were fortunes before the war are not fortunes now, and will be less so later. Every life insurance man will tell you that the war is a good thing from his standpoint, though of course no one would say that he wouldn't rather have less business and no war at all."



#### *At Camp Upton*

THE best piece of war propaganda in picture that I have seen is James Montgomery Flagg's poster, "Tell that to the Marines." The poster, I mean, that shows a red-headed fellow peeling off his coat to get into the fight after he has read the newspaper at his feet, telling him of the Teuton atrocities to women. The fellow is mad clean through, taut and tense; his jaw is set. His body is all alive. He's a bad scrapper, a tough nut. And he's American clean through. The poster is the best of many good things Flagg has done. It is unconventional. It is full of sentiment, but not of the mawkish sort. It is the one poster the plastering of which upon Grant's tomb or the Farragut monument one can most easily forgive.

I'd been seeing it everywhere but it didn't get me until I went down to Camp Upton at or near Yaphank on Long Island, which is surely long enough even if you go in a yacht-equipped Daniels car. There I saw the soldiers. We went into the camp alongside of about 3,000 of the boys in full equipment returning from a hike. There I saw the jaw of that fellow in Flagg's picture multitudinously reproduced. And they are a jolly bunch. Every second man standing or seated along the road saluted the lady in the car. The salute was military with decorations like "See the peach!" "Who's the queen?" or something like that, none of it offensive. A crew of merry boys all, though they were hot and tired. A few minutes later I ran into the newly arriving draftees of that day. There must have been 800 of them. They were glad to detrain from the hot cars. They were of all nationalities. They carried all kinds of grips, some of the grips had evidently come from Russia. There were some dudes in the bunch, fellows with the latest cut in clothes, the newest thing in bags. I saw but one man who was palpably drunk, staggering along with a big bag that would have raised a laugh if introduced into a vaudeville act. The draftees were cheerful. The men in uniform guyed them mildly, forgetting that they had been draftees once. Before I got out of the camp some of these draftees had been put through the mill and were out on the ground wearing their togs.



#### *The Soldier as He Is*

CAMP UPTON is not an attractive spot in itself. It looks like a vast brick works. Once it was a forest of scrub oak, but that's gone. Now the land is dry and bare as a brick-yard floor. It is worn into white dust that glares in the sun, blindingly. The buildings, hundreds of them, look like sheds for brick-drying. Looking over it all it gives first a suggestion of thirst and then of desolation. The day I was there those artists who have made Taos, N. M., a far south-

western Greenwich Village would have found the light to their liking. They would have been delighted with the paucity of shadow. The place was as sun-smitten as any mesa. Through the glare and heat men tore about on motor cycles. Groups of men were being carried about on big trucks. They were all burned brown as their khaki clothing. Here and there rookies in civilian undress were being taught to keep step, to march, to wheel, to stop. Then there were afar off men in khaki, troops of them marching in clouds of fine dust. If you looked on them from the watch tower they looked like troops of ants. And the plain palpitated with heat. A few women and girls were seen on the streets. They were there on visit to relatives in the service. There were about 30,000 men at the camp that day. The number varies. They are always coming and leaving. I was told there were 3,500 prisoners. A goodly number you will say in proportion to the population, but the prisoners are not criminals exactly. Most of them are prisoners for infraction of military rules to which they are not accustomed. Some of those prisoners were at work grubbing out stumps, digging or filling ditches. There were other boys in groups filling their ticks with straw or learning how to roll up their kits.

In the "huts" were many soldiers—most of them asleep, dead tired, many of them writing, some entertaining girls. The Y. M. C. A. has the greater number of huts, but the Knights of Columbus the largest and most pretentious. A small hut is that of the Young Men's Hebrew Association. It ought to be three times as big to accommodate the Jews that gather at Upton. It was strange to note how in khaki the Jewish physiognomy disappears. But for a Hebrew sign or a man reading a Hebrew paper you would not know the place was of and for Jews. There is a country-wide drive on for funds to enlarge the Jewish huts at all the cantonments. Rabbi Harrison of St. Louis is one of the generals in this drive. A young man in charge of this Jewish hut told me that the chief duty of the staff is to interpret orders to the men. Thousands on thousands of Jewish boys can't understand English and are getting into trouble on that account all the time. They are being taught English. Many of them are studying other things—languages, sciences, even trigonometry. These boys come from the clothing lofts in New York and elsewhere. But for the draft they'd never have had a chance to learn anything. They are getting a schooling. The draft opens up the world to them. For some the opening is all too sadly brief. See the Jewish names in the casualty lists. I couldn't see any difference between the huts of the different sects. The boys in them were all so much alike. In the Y. M. C. A. main shelter were a number of girls. I asked about girls. Plenty of 'em on Sunday—more than plenty. On week days very few came to camp. Higher railroad fares kept away the mothers and wives and sweethearts of the poorer boys. But a lot of people in New York and Brooklyn lend their automobiles to carry parties of relatives of the poorer folks in the camp. There are about four hundred girls in the camp laundry. They are brought in and borne out morning and evening on big trucks. They move on these occasions among cheers. The soldier boys see them only from afar. Women are closely watched in the camp. I mention this only because a Mrs. Grace Humiston told a lot of wild and ugly stories about immorality there. She was shown to have talked neurotically. If any such goings on as she related occurred at the Acker, Merroll and Condit hotel, there must have been more official collusion than anyone would deem possible who knows the American officer and gentleman.

Camp Upton is much what you expect it to be. So is any other cantonment. The only things I found about it that were unexpected were its dreariness in the blazing sun, and its effect of impressing you that the war is going on forever. Such a big place of preparation seems to say to you that it will be there turning out soldiers a hundred years from



now at least. The hospital is miles away from the center and the remount camp still farther. You see not only this camp but the twenty-three others like it. Goodly sized cities each one, watered, lighted, sewer, with fire departments, theaters, chapels. Why there's enough of it to make war the nation's chief business interminably. You think then of the navy yards and the munition factories, and the magnitude of the war strikes in upon you. All of this is the creation of little more than fifteen months. And you think of the million and a half men we have sent oversea. Then it is that the voices and the souls of the critics of the government are small indeed. Have we failed in our part? Failed! Why here you are in the presence of a miracle accomplished by a people that were dead set against war such a short time ago. You talk to the soldiers briefly. They have no complaint. Grub is good and plentiful. Work is hard while it lasts. There is a lot of fun. A chance of death? Oh yes, but death's a cinch some time. And from a light word here and there you sense the conviction that the boys are out for something they can't quite explain but are sure they feel—they are not caring for glory, they are going to rid the earth of something that is cruel and blighting. They call it the Kaiser. What are they fighting for? Well, they are fighting for the little fellow nations against the big fellow nations. It seems to me that, however vaguely or distinctly, the American soldier feels this war is a war against war. These boys are the best pacifists I know anything about. They are mad, if at all, just about as the red-headed fellow in Montgomery Flagg's poster is mad, because of the violence done to civilization. They are out to "get" the violator and put him out of business. Will they do it? The news of the Yankee troops in the field during the last ten days says they will. I felt convinced of this as we left the camp with the sundown bugles blowing and everywhere, near and far, so far as one could see, men standing at salute, facing the colors as they came slowly down. I thought of this ritual as a sort of "Angelus" about which the *Christian Science Monitor* is having such editorial conniption fits. It suggested the posture of the people in "The Man With the Hoe." I may say that there is no proposal that the country say the angelus at even-fall. The congressional resolution so much discussed refers only to a prayer. Someone said that the evening prayer should be said "like the angelus is said in Catholic countries." And that's all these is of a suggestion to fasten "Mariolatry" on the country. The Christian Scientists have suffered some from bigotry in their brief career. It is too bad their organ, such an excellent paper otherwise, should go into the bigotry business so viciously upon no provocation whatever.

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#### A Tammanyite for Governor

ONCE upon a time Mr. William Randolph Hearst printed in one of his papers a drawing of Charles F. Murphy in convict stripes. Last week Mr. Murphy was reported as smiling blandly while the Democrats in advisory convention named a gubernatorial candidate without anyone so much as mentioning Mr. Hearst's name. And Mr. Hearst thinking all the time he was a candidate. Mr. William Church Osborn, too, thought he was a candidate against Hearst and Tammany. He received one-half a vote, beating Hearst by just that much. The half vote was that of Judge Samuel Seabury, who had it in for both Tammany and Hearst for beating him for office. The convention named Alfred Smith as the party choice, thus notifying the people for their information in the primary. "Al" Smith, Judge Seabury said, was "the best of a bad lot." The phrase will stick. Smith is a Tammany man with a good record. He comes from the old Fourth ward, away down town, was born and grew up and was married and has raised a big family there. Smith, always with the machine, has always been clean. He was a newsboy, a supporter of Tom Foley against Justice Paddy

Divver. As Foley went up he carried young Smith along with him. "Al" went to the legislature, serving eleven straight terms, with the accent on the straight, by the way. He became speaker, then minority and later majority leader. Then he was a member of that constitutional convention in which Elihu Root and George W. Wickersham figured so conspicuously. Smith was on the other side from those men, and fairly held his own in tactics. He had legislative history at his fingers' ends. He reeled off on one occasion a relation of all the public service legislation, dates, details of the slightest kind, covering a period of sixteen years. The thing amazed the Republican highbrows. "Al" Smith could carry a whole appropriation bill in his head. Once he defeated an obnoxious bill with one sentence. It was a cannery bill "in the interest of the poor," to permit the poor to work nights and Sundays. A lot of clergymen appeared in support of it. Smith routed them with a paraphrase of one of the commandments: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy—except in the canneries." He's a Tammanyite friend of the poor, though he hasn't robbed the public to help them—not any more than some of the "best" legislation does at times. The New York papers play him up as the typical Tammany hero, wedded to old, lower New York. "Al" Smith is well spoken of everywhere. He's rather a more intellectual hero than was "Big Tim" Sullivan. He isn't a sporting man. But he's a Tammany patron, "no night too cold or too dark for him to go to the front for a friend"—all that sort of thing. He lives now only three blocks away from where he was born. He was born in 1873. That was the New York of the glorious days. Gould, Fisk, Tweed, "Brains" Connolly and the rest. It was the New York we used to read about in *The Boys' Own* and *The Boys of New York*. "An old-time New York boy," he was, when all lower New York was Irish where it is now polyglot. Smith has been sheriff. He is president of the board of aldermen. Many thought he should have been nominated and would have been elected mayor. He is classed as a higher type than Mayor Hylan. Now he wasn't chosen by the Tammany crowd in the advisory convention at Saratoga. The demand for him came from up-state. Maybe Tammany fixed it that way to get out of giving Mr. Hearst the approval he sought in consideration of all he had done to elect Hylan over Mitchel. Such a thing is not improbable. However that may be, every paper in the metropolis has a good word to say for "Al" Smith.

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#### The Plight of Mr. Hearst

WHEN Smith was chosen, it was announced Mr. Hearst was going to California. He isn't. Mrs. Hearst goes. Willie stays home. I saw where he dined with Hylan the other day, probably to ask where was Hylan's gratitude. The Hearst paper came out with kind words for Whitman, the leading Republican candidate for governor, denouncing another candidate, Attorney-General Merton Lewis, for alliance with Roosevelt. Whitman's campaign manager repudiated Hearst's approval at once. Arthur Brisbane had called on Whitman to proffer aid but was turned down. Later Brisbane, Hearst's highest paid editorial writer in the world, tried to make up to Governor Edge, who is running for the Republican nomination for senator from New Jersey, and Edge set up a howl as if someone with the smallpox were getting too close to him. Everybody seems to shun Hearst. All newspapers but his own, all candidates cry at him, "Unclean!" The thing is quite amazing. Hearst's own henchmen are quitting him. There was no such desertion of him when he was accused of nerving the arm of Czolgosz who slew McKinley. Hearst always commanded a host of retainers. He may have them yet, but they "lay low." The people in the streets tear a Hearst paper out of your hand sometimes. Why? There are two reasons. First, he has been accused of being pro-German. I don't think he is. He's simply against all the Americans in public life whom he

can't boss around. I think the *Tribune* has distorted a lot of Hearst's utterances to make its case against him. But the pro-German accusation sticks. Every politician and paper has a brick to throw at him. You'd think Hearst was different from all other New York editors. He isn't. They all play for their own hand. They are as ruthless as Hearst when they go after anyone who stands in their way. Hearst is simply franker than they. He does a lot of things like Jim Fisk used to do. If he likes a stage lady he helps her and if he wants to ride out with her he rides. And if a man doesn't please him, Hearst sends word he'll break him. That's what Hearst did. He can't do it to-day. The tide of opinion is against him. He threatens to run in the Democratic primaries against Al Smith. I doubt if he will. He may pick a "mark" to run for him, as the infinitesimal Hisgen—if that was his name?—ran for president on a Hearst platform away back in—oh, I've forgotten. Anyway, Hearst ran some oil man for president once.

But he is up against a real storm now. Not alone has he to combat the charge of pro-Germanism. Repentant Gotham blames him not only for the defeat of John Purroy Mitchel for re-election as mayor, but for Mitchel's death in an airplane accident. This has added to the feeling against Hearst. And a lot of people who voted against Mitchel blame Hearst for leading them astray. New York takes queer sentimental shoots at times. Its psychology is very pathological on occasion. Hearst has played with that psychology for his own ends. Now it seems likely to blow him up. My own opinion is that any man who owns a paper is a fool to go into politics for office. It injures his paper and draws fire upon himself. Few journalists succeed in practical politics. Many have come to grief. There was Horace Greeley. There was Whitelaw Reid. Pulitzer served a brief term in congress but got out in a hurry, by resigning his seat. Hearst has sought the presidency, the mayoralty, the governorship, in each case disastrously. At present he is in a tight place. All his and his mother's millions are of little avail against the war feeling towards which he is supposed to be antagonistic. With all the publicity power he controls no candidate for office wants his support. His two papers and a dozen magazines and weeklies don't scare anybody or allure anyone. He's pro-German and he murdered Major Mitchel—that is the indictment against him. I imagine that he read with much feeling President Wilson's appeal to the country to do away with the mob spirit, for Hearst cannot but think that he is the victim of that spirit at this time. How he will come out, who can say? He's game. He stays at his post to see the fight through. He's in one of those plights in which, in the words of cartoonist Briggs, "a feller needs a friend," and he hasn't any but Arthur Brisbane, who isn't very tactful and moves about in intrigue making a noise like a truck-load of boiler iron on a rough street pavement.

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#### Religious Rancor in the Row

ALL this makes ugly politics, but as bad, if not worse, remains behind. Already all over New York you hear people saying a Roman Catholic never has been and never can be elected governor of New York. This means that A. P. A.-ism enters into the fight. That's nothing new. There was a lot of A. P. A.-ism in the campaign of Gaynor for mayor. The late Father David S. Phelan of St. Louis wrote in his *Sunday Watchman* a fierce attack on Gaynor for leaving the faith in which he was born. The article was spread broadcast in the city. It made lots of Protestant votes for the crusty and crotchety judge. It helped elect him. Martin H. Glynn, the excellent man who was automatically elevated to the governorship when William Sulzer, "the same old Bill," was impeached and removed, ran to succeed himself. It is the consensus of opinion among wise politicians that the anti-Catholic campaign that was made against him defeated him.



The A. P. As. threw the gaff into him with murderous effect. That hurt him politically more than the fact that he succeeded Sulzer who was good enough for Tammany until he refused to work its will. In the campaign for Mitchel's re-election as mayor, the Roman Catholic vote ran heavily against him because, though a Catholic himself—at least he died in the faith—he had taken to task the managements of certain Catholic institutions. From all of this it will be seen that there's a fine chance for another outbreak of religious intolerance. Smith will be knifed, I'm told, because the Catholics knifed Mitchel. He will get the yataghan exactly as Martin H. Glynn got it. New York city may not do up Smith, but he will be defeated up-state. There are many people who believe that President Wilson has no use for Catholics and therefore will not help Smith to get nominated or elected. The charge against the President is that he wouldn't help the Catholic clerics who were persecuted by the government in Mexico. The fact is that the clerics in Mexico don't stand well with the revolution. They were Diazists and the revolutionists believed all kinds of Boccaccio and Masaccio stories about them. A great many Catholics opposed Wilson for a second term because of his supposed anti-Catholic feeling; which I do not believe exists at all. The point is not what I believe, however, but what other people, and they ferociously fanatical, believe. Why the Democratic advisory convention, knowing all this, took the chance of nominating Al Smith, I can't figure out. Tammany politicians are inscrutable, but how was Smith made the candidate of the up-staters where the A. P. As. most do flourish? Maybe the Democrats reckon that the war and the Catholic attitude towards the war will unfang the intolerants. Wilson's popularity with the populace—he hasn't any, personally, with the politicians—will probably carry the gubernatorial nominee to victory. I don't know if Mayor Hylan is a Catholic. Maybe he is. How that will affect the situation no one can say. The "better people"—those who think themselves such—rather think Hylan is the Beast of the Apocalypse, but some very good democrats think he's a pretty good mayor, as Tammany mayors go. The worst thing against Hylan now is that Hearst is or has been his friend. It is a query now whether Hylan will help Hearst who helped him, or stay with the organization. He has given some good appointments to former Hearst men. But to be a Hearst man now in some quarters is as bad almost as being a Viereck man, though they haven't got Viereck yet on anything done for Germany since we got into the war. Nor has the New York Tribune "hung anything on" Hearst as a pro-German. New York will have a torrid election, what with race hatred and religious hatred and personal hatred all mixed up together.



#### Kerensky Not Coming

CABLEGRAMS say that Kerensky is not coming to this country. Around New York there are radicals who say the allies won't let him come. The theory is that Kerensky didn't talk in London the way the allies wanted him to talk. That is to say he didn't talk for intervention in Russia. On the other hand I read in the London Nation that Kerensky is in favor of intervention. That paper deals with him in pitying condescension. Poor man, he's sick and weak and the fervor of the revolution is not in him. I gather from various sources that what Kerensky said in London and Paris was that the allies should intervene if asked to do so by Russia. There's nothing wrong in that position that I can see. If the soviets want the allies to come in and help them, the allies should do so. How muddled is the Russian situation may be gauged by the conflict of opinion on this subject by those who know Russia. I talked with a man who has been in Russia. He says that the Bolsheviks under Lenine and Trotzky are as anti-German as the most fervent pro-ally could wish. Wherever there is any resistance to the Germans it is made by the Red Guards, and the Red Guard is Bolshevik. As for the far east and Siberia, my in-

formant is quite convinced that all so-called governments set up there are counter-revolutionary. They are backed by the bourgeois elements who want to get back to the land, and they are directed against the Bolsheviks. Even the Czechoslovaks, composed of Bohemian and Slavic soldiers taken prisoner from Austria, are a menace to Russia. They want to fight for and with the allies, but they don't want to fight against any Russians because they don't know what the Russian forces they may co-operate with, really stand for. The Czechoslovak National Council isn't quite sure. It favors the transfer of the Czechoslovak forces to the western front and their fighting on that line. They feel that they might possibly re-establish an eastern front against Germany but they are in doubt as to the effect upon Russia of an association with the Japanese. Kerensky associated in London with Arthur Henderson who is for a Wilsonian peace. He didn't create a great furor among the interventionists. It seems the anti-interventionists doubt him too. He seems to fall again between two stools as he did when he was the man in control of Russian affairs. Then he wanted to save something of the old regime, but the extremists went to the root of Russian evils, took the land for the people, harked back to the old communal *mir* of Russian tradition. Kerensky was too moderate. Seemingly he is still too cautious. Great Britain and France, generally speaking, want intervention. They want to get into control of Russia if they can. They have great financial interests to protect there. Think of the billions of francs Russia owes France! Think of how Great Britain needs a hold on Russia to protect India! Therefore when Kerensky goes mild on intervention, the politicians in those countries drop him like a cold potato. They don't want Kerensky to come to this country and put the soft pedal on intervention with a strong force. Kerensky wants to get Russia back into the war but he doesn't want to sacrifice the revolution in order to do so. He is against the Bolsheviks but he is still a Socialist. He will have nothing to do with those generals who are setting up new governments in Siberia. Kerensky, truth to tell, seems to be of about the same opinion concerning Russia as President Wilson. He thinks that Russia is in about the condition this country was in before it formed its constitution. Russia is finding herself as this country had to find itself. She must work herself out of chaos into order. The thing for us to do is to help her all we can with money, with engineers, with industrial organizers, with food in vast volume. "If I were in power in Washington," said a big manufacturer, "I'd take all those cars that were made in this country for Russia and that Russia hasn't paid for and I'd paint the American flag on them and fill them with food and other necessities and send them to Russia at once, just as soon as we can get the ships, and we should get a lot of them soon, the way they are splashing into the water at all the yards. I'd send the propaganda commission too, but I wouldn't send a lot of high-brows. I'd send some mixers and good fellows to tell the ordinary Russian what we're out for in this scrap." That's what Lomsonoff said. He was let out of his place with the Russian embassy for saying it. Of course he was. The Russian embassy is czaristic. It doesn't represent the Russia of to-day. If I am correctly informed those people in Russia who want intervention are calling for it with a threat that if we don't help them they'll get the help from Germany. They are the folks who want to get the land back. If they can do that they will destroy the revolution. Those folks are somewhat inclined to Germany anyhow. In this view of the situation it is but just that we should deal carefully with Russia and not turn the soviets against us. The soviets are the only thing like a government that Russia has. We should do what they want, not so much perhaps because they are a government as because they are fairly representative of the Russian people. But we should look after those supplies we sent to Russia and prevent their falling into German hands. We should move them farther back from the Ger-

mans towards the heart of Russia and establish them as the nucleus of the new eastern front if there is ever to be one.



#### Brandeis and Francis

Two weeks ago I wrote in these letters that Louis Dembitz Brandeis was the man who seemed in a way to have taken the place of Colonel E. M. House in the councils of the President. Maybe he hasn't supplanted Colonel House, but has only taken a place co-equal with the quiet Texan as a sort of confidential premier. Brandeis is on the supreme bench. It is said that he is not needed there. Other progressive Democrats in plenty might be mentioned as successors to him. It is now and has for some time been urged that Justice Brandeis be sent at the head of the commission to straighten Russia out politically, socially and industrially so that she will understand our purpose in the war. Last week's *New Republic*, which is believed to be very close to the President, suggests Justice Brandeis as plenipotentiary to Russia. He is the one man in this country who is liberal to the limit and has at the same time organizing business genius. He can talk the political and economic and social language of the soviets and all the revolutionaries, as no other American can, except President Wilson. The Russian radicals would listen to him when they heard what he had done as a friend of the worker and the foe of rampant and rapacious bourgeoisism in this country. That Justice Brandeis is a Jew would not hurt. Why should it? Lenine and Trotzky are Jews, and we must not forget that Jews are a large element in the revolution. The Jews are strong in the Russian *intelligentsia*.

I recognize the value of all this but I don't see why the plenipotentiary we have in Russia now won't fill the bill. Mr. Justice Brandeis is no better business organizer than our ambassador to Russia, David R. Francis. He is no better politician. I should say that Francis is the best all around ingratiation in the diplomatic service. If there's anything that President Wilson wants done in Russia, and he will tell Francis, the aforesaid Francis will do it with neatness and despatch. Of course, Francis is not nearly so much of a Socialist as Justice Brandeis is, but he can be as good a Socialist as President Wilson wants him to be in any transaction or negotiations that may be necessary. It were better, I should think, to let Francis handle things in Russia for this country than to take Justice Brandeis off the supreme bench—but then the MIRROR doesn't do so much thinking for the President as the *New Republic* does. As a Missourian though I know David Rowland Francis and he can do our business in Russia, if anybody can. He has been mayor of St. Louis, governor of Missouri, secretary of the interior, president of the St. Louis World's Fair, has stood before kings, is a very successful business man, with both nerve and caution. He isn't a Bolshevik, to be sure, but he's a tip-top American, and that's something, don't you think? I haven't a word to say against Justice Brandeis, whom I much admire for what I call his spiritualized efficiency as distinct from the materialistic kind, but I hope that President Wilson does not fail in appreciation of the character and ability of Ambassador Francis. Ambassador Francis is the owner of the St. Louis *Republic*, which was a good Democratic newspaper long before most of the men on the *New Republic* left off their "diddles."



#### Tom Mooney and Bob Minor

I SEE that Governor Stephens of California has granted a stay of execution in the case of Tom Mooney, convicted of the bomb murder on the day of the San Francisco preparedness parade. Mooney's case comes up for rehearing in the supreme court next December, and a man shouldn't be hanged while his appeal is pending. Besides, it is established that there was flat perjury on the state's side tending to show that Mooney was near the place where the bomb exploded on the day of the explosion. A cattle man sent money to a man in Illinois to come on and swear



he saw Mooney there. The labor people tried to recall the man who prosecuted Mooney. They laid great stress on the subornation of perjury, but the people voted against recalling prosecutor Fredericks. The Mooney case created no stir in the United States until the Russian revolution broke out. Then returned Russian socialists from the United States told their brethren that this government was murdering their brother, "Munni," as they called him. A lot of them gathered before the United States embassy and demanded that "Munni" be freed. Some of the rioters tried to break into Ambassador Francis' apartments where a dinner was in progress, and he made them back off what he told them was United States territory. His little speech was strengthened by his exhibition of a revolver. He wired the incident to Washington and that brought the Mooney case to public attention. The government took especial pains to show the revolutionists that Mooney was tried in due process of law and that he was deprived of no right of an accused person. Then came the perjury story and the revolutionists returned from the United States made much of it as showing that this country was bent on the destruction of the proletariat. This induced President Wilson to have Attorney-General Gregory look into the case. The President tried to save Mooney. He appealed to the governor who remained mum. Then the laborites started a movement to have Wilson take Mooney out of California's hands, as a war measure. This movement has been active recently. Governor Stephens' stay of execution prevents the President passing on the laborite proposal. The news will go to Russia, where it may have some mollifying effect upon the revolutionaries who say we are as bad as Germany. At least it gives this government a breathing spell over the case. At one time the I. W. W. threatened a general strike as a demonstration in favor of Mooney, but that was staved off. Mooney himself wrote from the prison deprecating such action. He's a gallant sort of fellow, for he says he doesn't want his freedom unless his co-defendant Billings, sentenced and serving a life sentence, is freed likewise. Rose Mooney, his wife, was tried for the bomb murder, too, and acquitted.

I learned here the other day that one of the Americans raising hell in Russia about Mooney's case is Robert Minor, once a cartoonist on the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. He was one of the country's best three or four cartoonists, a power with the crayon. He went to the *World* here at a large salary but insisted upon drawing inflammatory pictures for *The Masses*. He gave up his *World* job and joined the anarchists. He was associated with Alexander Perkmann in San Francisco and was, I believe, arrested there. When released he went to Russia to help in the world-revolution, by telling the reds all about Mooney and all our social iniquities. Bob has made lots of trouble for this country in Petrograd. And he was such a mild country boy when he first came to St. Louis from Texas ten years ago. He is a great pictorial agitator—no doubt of that. He's a Bolshevik *pur sang*. I don't know any of the others in that group but I know Minor, and he is no pro-German. From this I opine the others are not either.

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#### Cross Currents of British Politics

LLOYD-GEORGE'S ministry is supposed to be near collapse. We have heard that before. Now Northcliffe of the *Times* calls for a general election. Northcliffe thinks the government is a confusion, a ramshackle affair. It has grown by extemporization and has become unwieldy. Moreover there is no strictly constitutional government: the commons is set aside and most guarantees suspended. Besides, there are no parties, only a mass ramified by intriguing politics. Northcliffe wants an election; he would have parliament adjourn and go to the country, though upon what issue I can't see. If the issue be the management of the war, Lloyd-George should win. Despite blunders, England has done colossally well. The cocoa press says most everything has been ill-

done, but the cocoa press is Quaker, pacifist. Cadburys and Rountrees control it. Whether Northcliffe—the British Hearst—wants to help or hurt Lloyd-George I cannot make out. It may be either. This is clear, however: Lloyd-George has been in power a long time, all things considered, and he has made lots of political enemies. As an opportunist sore pressed by war he has had to make and unmake men. He has had to play now with aristocracy, now with labor; always for victory. He has foes in both camps. So with the Irish question and the Russian question; he has had to keep going and he has tacked with all the winds. But now things look rosy for Great Britain and while no one wanted Lloyd-George's job the past two years, there are many who would like it now. Northcliffe is not naturally a Georgeite. He's a new aristocrat, a bounder. He's with the lordlets. His call for an election is taken as hostile to George. That call may signalize a new coalition—between the conservatives and the labor party. The Irish may come in too. One hears much nowadays to the effect that the only party Lloyd-George sticks to is the "Jew gang," the Montagues, Monds, Readings, etc. This has been the battle cry of the Chestertons, Gilbert and Cecil, Hilaire Belloc and others. Labor is half sore at Lloyd-George because he let Arthur Henderson out of the cabinet. Henderson favored an international socialist conference as a peace move. So did Lloyd-George for a time. Then the premier switched. Likewise for a time. Then the premier switched. Likewise he looked favorably for a time on the peace feeler of Prince Sixtus of Bourbon, until Clemenceau turned it down cold. President Wilson saved the premier when a vote of criticism was proposed on the failure of the allies adequately to meet the fourth big German drive. Lloyd-George is between the interventionists and their opponents as to Russia. The ruling classes are for it—to stop Bolshevism at home. Northcliffe is for it. He wants no extension of British democracy. Northcliffe wants, it is said, a government by men like Milner, Cromer, Curzon—men who have dealt with eastern peoples and are not ultra-democratic. The pacifists want a Lord Lansdowne government. Laborites have denounced the party truce. Feeling their strength, they want to put up more candidates and get more representation in parliament. Consequently there have been big strikes of munition workers, though Lloyd-George has contrived to stop them. Between home rulers, Carsonites and Sinn Feiners the premier is multitudinously bedeviled. There is a strong feeling against him in the army, because he put the allied force under Foch, though results justify him gloriously. The premier has lots of trouble, but things go fairly well for the empire; so well that the men who were willing to "let George do it" when it looked as if nobody could do it are now thinking of putting another man on the job. Despite all that the premier has done for him personally, Northcliffe seems to move away from Lloyd-George towards a new deal. The conservatives see a chance to come into power on the old plan of putting through the things for which liberals have fought. They dally with the laborites. They even flirt with the Irish. In short, politics is busy at the old stand and the opposition makes a strong point of destroying the machine which the premier has built up by multiplication of places and appointments thereto. Liberals oppose Lloyd-George as bitterly as do conservatives. He's a liberal all right, I should say, but he hasn't cared for the liberal party. Just now he moves cautiously as to Russia, taking his cue from President Wilson. He is too Wilsonian for those who don't want labor to rule Great Britain, and not Wilsonian enough for those who want to stop the war where it is and begin to negotiate at once. Every special interest in politics seems to have it in for the little Welshman: but somehow he holds on. I think it is because there is no one in Great Britain who demonstrably could have done as well as he has done. I have heard it prophesied that Lloyd-George would fall within three weeks. He won't fall

until or unless Labor goes back on him. Labor has Great Britain in its political grasp. It won't throw Lloyd-George for Northcliffe—if Northcliffe has turned upon the premier. And liberal England wants no rule by Milners and Cromers and Curzons and Carsons. I still think the great mass of Britons realizes that in all his tacking and turning between politicians, Lloyd-George may have been false to everybody but true to the empire. There is, I hear, a theory that Northcliffe and Lloyd-George understand each other and even now work together. What will develop I can't prophesy. Here I am simply trying to present a view of the currents and cross-currents in British politics, frankly as an old-time believer in Lloyd-George as a man of genius whose chief fault, if it be such, is that he sacrifices everybody to save Great Britain.

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#### The End of Pearson's

FIERY Frank Harris is in trouble again. *Pearson's Magazine*, which he edits, has stopped. I don't think it will ever go again. Colonel A. W. Ricker, its business manager, says so. The publication has been in a hole. It appealed to its readers for money to tide over. About \$6,000 was forthcoming, but it's gone. I don't know what is to happen to the oil or mining scheme that Ricker has been running as a side issue,—a scheme that was modelled somewhat on the lines of Tom Lawsons' big copper speculation through the instrumentality of *Everybody's*. Frank Harris had nothing to do with the money end of *Pearson's*. He only edited and mostly wrote it. He wrote most brilliantly, if anti-Britannically. He has known most of the world's celebrities for more than a generation and tells things about them, often with almost brutal frankness—poets, statesmen, scientists, clergymen. His anti-British attitude has made his war writings unpleasant to Americans—especially as he is an American. Still, he has kept fairly well within the line that separates mere criticism from sedition and aid of the enemy. He rather likes the Germans and would like them more if they were as clever as Frank Harris, which, of course, no man or nation could possibly be. He didn't get into trouble under the espionage act, but for publishing an article entitled "Why I Wear Man's Clothes." It is the supposititious confession of a working girl who has been pursued pertinaciously by all kinds of rutting males. A most unpleasant article it is, and not at all convincing. It is a piece of pornography, nothing more. *Pearson's Magazine* has been a socialist publication but it never amounted to much until Harris took hold of it, and then it was more interesting to literary people than to Socialists. Harris gave it a cosmopolitan flavor, wrote his personality all over it. He got George Bernard Shaw to write him interesting letters about Frank Harris and Oscar Wilde—whose life Harris has written—and published them. But *Pearson's* couldn't boom up into a circulation that could command advertising. When it published calls for money, its weakness showed the end was near. What Harris will do has not been stated. He wears the pro-German label and that won't help him anywhere to an editorial position. Still, he can write well on non-war topics. Maybe he can make connections with the *Liberator*. And then he has an enthusiastic following in Greenwich Village. Harris is undeniably a great man of letters, somewhat difficult in his opinionation, temporarily in a hard row of stumps.

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#### Some More About Viereck

NATURALLY one turns from the discussion of Harris to the further consideration of the irrepressible Viereck who's in the news every day. Now we learn he considers himself a grandson of the Empress Louise; he's of royal blood *de la main gauche*. While to most people this is news, to many it isn't. He never "denied" it. It seems that Viereck got a lot of money from the German government for propaganda—\$100,000 it is said. He used it to print and distribute books, also to pay himself a salary.

(Continued on page 370)



## The Picture of Oscar Wilde

By Otto Heller

"OSCAR WILDE, HIS LIFE AND CONFESSIONS" (two volumes) by Frank Harris, conforms too closely to the announcement in the title to satisfy the expectations aroused by the author's critical competence and the literary importance of his subject. This makes it a sensational book, and has procured for it a wide circulation in spite of the imposing price (\$10) and the issue under the author's own *imprimatur* and private auspices. Inasmuch as the author has failed to use—or deliberately abstained from using—his meticulous information upon the "affaire Wilde" to make his hero plausible to the after-world as an artistic expression of his time, the legitimacy of his startling confidences clearly derives from personal piety. "No book could have been written more reverently than this book of mine," Mr. Harris takes pains to assure us. Yet to the acceptance of his work as a monument of love may we not join a fervent prayer that by his very exhaustiveness the author shall have put the period, for good, to the revolting chronic exhumation of the corpse for the alleged preservation of the spirit?

As an *apologia pro vita* the biography, it must be confessed, is an oddity, for the simple reason that the personality of Oscar Wilde, for which it was the object of the compend to win sympathies as that of the most irresistibly amiable of men, is here portrayed with full authority in the complete ugliness of its natural form and color. This repulsive picture gains no advantage of relativity from the background against which it is painted. Considering his wide sweep of knowledge and experience, Mr. Frank Harris shows himself here lacking singularly in broadness of judgment. His prejudice in favor of his hero makes him unfair to the latter's antagonists, private and official. The tragedy of Oscar Wilde's rise and ruin is thereby weakened: it presents a single character studied with some care. The result is a lack of balance and perspective. The cause is to seek in the excessive personal bias of the author his bitter vindictiveness towards all things and people English, which blinds his view and review of the institutions, customs, and traditions of the country that was his home during the greater part of his life. Accordingly, this chronicle of a strange individual career catalogues by the way, as it were, all the shortcomings ever detected or surmized of the English nation, in the form of bold generalizations. The English, we are taught to believe, are too busy to care for questions of right and wrong. The right of free speech which Englishmen pride themselves on always disappears utterly when there is most need of it. The middle class is permeated by puritanism and hypocrisy. English journals are nothing but "middle class shops." Letters are regarded by Englishmen in a casual, contemptuous way. The educational system is all wrong. Society, needless to say, is rotten to the core. Mr. Harris re-enforces the wholesale indictment by a specific charge germane to his main subject and makes the astounding assertion that the easiest way to social success in London is to be notorious "in this sense;" nay, he goes so far as to maintain that "epicene aesthetes are steering English life in ordinary times." According to Harris, it was the passionate support of these fogle-men of the corrupt social file in the first place which raised Oscar Wilde to his conspicuous place. A remarkable commentary on that bizarre esoteric indulgence! The vice, however, is as widespread on the continent as in England, and probably more so, as has been found by leading psycho-pathologists. Anyway, Mr. Harris exaggerates grotesquely in his description of the general exodus of the inverts just before Wilde's trial. As the tale is told by him, every train to Dover was crowded, every steamer to Calais thronged with

members of the aristocracy, who seemed to prefer even Nice out of season to a city where the police might act with such unexpected vigor.

Startling, too, is the impeachment of English law and its administration. We are blandly given to understand that aristocrats are favored by the judges and police. "Everybody knows that in England the law is emphatically a respecter of persons. It only exists for the protection of the privileged. It is a rampart for the aristocracy and the rich, a whip in the hands of the strong." Hatred masquerades as justice, so we further learn, striking vindictively and adding insult to injury. The abominations of English prison life and the cruelties practiced upon convicts are gone into *ad nauseam usque*.

To such a frame of mind, the conviction and punishment of Oscar Wilde were necessarily the result of prejudice. The officiating magistrate at Bow street station is berated for showing no special regard to Wilde when arraigned before him,—in other words, he is taken to task for doing his duty. The trial judges are called foolish, atrocious, and worse. Even Wilde's own chief counsel is adversely criticised and partly blamed for the result, the condemnation of his client by "idiot prejudice." The judge is charged with arbitrary rulings on points of law, and with savagery for the severity of the sentence. The popular acclamation of the verdict and sentence is described as "an orgy of philistine rancour." Utterly oblivious of the natural loathing of the great mass for the peculiar vice attributed to Wilde and imperceptive of the true orientation of the popular psyche in matters of elementary morality, Harris fulminates against the puritanical hatred blowing against the accused, when actually the long social toleration and leniency enjoyed by Oscar Wilde and those *ejusdem farinae* is an object of wonder. One can sympathize—and I heartily do—with Mr. Harris' contempt for conventionality and his plea for intellectual freedom, but candidly: to set up an Oscar Wilde as an apostle and martyr of the higher liberties is extremely absurd. While thus it is not possible to accept Mr. Harris' opinion on English justice in a general way or with reference to the case in point, one or two of his incidental strictures deserve attention. At the final trial, after both sides had concluded their arguments, the jury wanted to know whether a warrant against Lord Alfred Douglas was issued or contemplated. Their point, logically made, was that if they were to deduce any guilt from the Oscar—"Bosie" correspondence, it would apply equally to both suspects. The court waved the question aside as impertinent in the premises. Sensitive readers will surely share Mr. Harris' indignation anent the commitment of little children to prison, and that, apparently, even before a formal conviction! During Wilde's incarceration there were three young children in Reading gaol, charged by the law of the land with having feloniously trapped rabbits on somebody's or Somebody's preserves. The miniature poachers, it seems, were treated to the full rigors of prison discipline and subjected to the customary regimen of hunger, terror and insomnia, being kept shut up in a dimly lit cell for twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four. This monstrous cruelty, due in all probability to some reactionary type of fetishism of justice, deserved to have been exposed and cried out against with the unrelenting vociferation of a Dickens or a Reade!

The accurate and objective method of depiction employed by Frank Harris in the portrayal of his hero was bound to defeat its object. For, as has been said before, it is a most unlovable personality that he has contrived to paint with all his loving care. The character picture of Oscar Wilde as here unveiled leaves the reputed irresistible charm of that human *ambigu* beyond the common man's understanding. Let us look at Oscar Wilde with Mr. Harris' eyes, or rather through his glasses.

In physical appearance Wilde was tall, broad-shouldered, well-built: a "fine figure of a man."

Nevertheless he was repulsive to most people when they first met him. There was something oily and fat about him. As a rule, he was too stout, from good living and too much loafing. For on the whole he did little but talk—we have it from his chronicler. With his pouchy jowl he looked not unlike a Roman emperor of the decadence. His hands were greasy, flabby, and his handshake was limp. Even to the sordid, squalid last, Wilde was grossly fond of eating and drinking—the rich food and wine "seemed to ooze out of him." At the very end, when utterly ruined in health as the result of luetic infection, and when liquor and nicotine were so much deadly poison to him, he defied his physicians' orders and died, as he had lived, a glutton. By his love of the uncommon, and his still greater desire to dazzle and astonish, the exponent of good taste and self-appointed arbiter of elegances was habitually betrayed into the vulgarity of overdressing. The fantastic attire of his American tour, still remembered by old lecture-goers, surely revealed a lack of the finer sensibilities. "I always wanted everything about me to be distinctive." He worked hard at his handwriting to render it unique. His leading motive ever was his consuming vanity and where his vanity was concerned one might expect any injustice from him. His egotism was horrendous and offensive. Oscar Wilde was a prophet who proclaimed nothing but himself.

His well-attested fascinations are not made perceptible in Mr. Harris' lengthy memoir. His biographer calls him beyond comparison the most interesting companion he ever has known: the most brilliant talker, he cannot but think, that ever lived. Oscar himself must have helped to inculcate such high opinion of his gifts. "Frank, I was a great talker at school. I was the best talker ever seen in Oxford." But the copious documentation in the biography is not at all convincing. Wilde is not revealed as the chief *causur* of his day and generation, his "charming, soul-animating influence" is not made evident. It should have been an easy matter to demonstrate his wit and humor—for the most part intellectual, as the biographer rightly observes—and his bubbling Celtic gaiety from the pages of "Intentions" or from the plays, more especially from "Lady Windermere's Fan." Harris has preferred to illustrate from Oscar's informal daily chatter, and one is really surprised to have to register throughout his lengthy quotations such a pronounced dearth of truly clever epigrams, and of those bursts of genial vivacity that are habitual with the typical *charmeur*. On the basis of the examples given one would class Oscar Wilde at most as an amusing, novel kind of buffon incessantly fishing for occasions to play his single parlor-trick, namely the delivery of the obverse; the mediocre paradoxes scattered over these twenty-seven chapters have little resemblance in brilliancy to the countless fulgent quips and cranks with which the dialogue of his plays is besprinkled. Was Mr. Harris, after all, right in adjudging Wilde greater as a talker than as a writer? We amply learn from this *florilegium*, however, that whenever Oscar failed to be witty or original, he could always fall back upon impertinence to extricate himself from an embarrassing situation. Did not Mr. Harris certify his unsurpassed amiability, one should have to vote him frequently boorish, peevish, and malicious. His fertility in *bons mots*, moreover, did not preclude the benevolent adoption of other people's happy ideas. Once when carried away by a witty fling of Whistler's, he cried: "I wish I had said that." "You will, Oscar, you will," came Whistler's lightning thrust.

If it be safe to form a fair idea of the "great artist-talkers" style of conversation from the extracts given, it appears to have ordinarily gravitated about personal affairs, his own or other people's, and things of the hour, not about ideas and major concerns. He was the last remove from the sublime, or, as Mr. Harris puts it, "the antipode of the transcendental." Whenever the talk did turn on vital



issues, Wilde's speech became turgid with fine rhetoric and bloated with grand sentiment. At the same time he was arrogant, stubborn, and pachydermitous in argumentation. After that transient uplift through his prison experience to which the world is indebted for his two immortal works, he not only slipped quickly back into coarse debauchery, sinking indeed to still lower levels in the underworld of libertinage, but boldly defended his evil practices and denied society's right to punish his peculiar vice, trumping all reasons offered against his contention with the claptrap reflection that "every man must dree his own weird."

An unfavorable impression is likewise gathered in regard to Wilde's manner and mannerism of speech. There was something "purring," affected, and mawkish about his language. In conversing with Harris, he would use the latter's given name in nearly every sentence, after the style of many women and children; so that the very eye grows weary of the everlasting Frank, Frank, Frank, spouted over the printed page. Effeminacy, or puerility, frequently make his utterances highly distasteful. Discussing his first meeting with the chief object of his "grand romantic passion," he says of "Bosie," *i. e.*, Lord Alfred Douglas: "He frightened me, Frank, and I held away from him." (Wilde was about thirty-five years of age, whereas "Bosie" Douglas was only a youth of twenty or so.) "But . . . I couldn't resist him. That is my only fault. That's what ruined me." When advised to write a conciliatory letter to the Marquis of Queensberry, he petulantly exclaimed: "Oh Frank, I can't. Bosie wouldn't let me." Fancy this stalwart six-footer of an Irishman confessing his fear of that ruffianly little nobleman and whining: "But he'll want me to drop Bosie, and stop seeing Lady Queensberry, and I like them all; they are charming to me." To certain friendly expostulations he makes the retort emetic: "How terrible you are, Frank." At his worst Oscar Wilde is shown in his mushy lamentations over his own sins and, still more, over the sins of those who trespassed against him.

Wilde's fall was precipitated by the invertebrate's lack of self-determination. Like many other stubborn persons, he really had no will of his own. Mere volitional inertia before the superior will-power of his "evil genius" paralyzed his common sense and frustrated Mr. Harris' sage and persistent objurgation to drop the ruinous action against Queensberry. Likewise to irresolution was due his refusal to quit England during the interval between his two trials, when the loyal Harris had efficiently planned, plotted, and financed his flight from justice. Yet, as has already been hinted, weakness of will in his case was coupled with an overbearing self-estimation that sprang from morbid individualism and ended in tragical *hubris*. He fronted defamation with defiance, says Mr. Harris, but considering that he knew himself guilty of the worst accusations, and had been paying blackmail, it would be truer to say that he shamelessly "bluffed" it out, challenging the entire world just as he had challenged Lord Queensberry. But after his release from prison, following a brief intermezzo of respectability, he flaunted his vices unabashed.

Another conspicuous trait of Oscar Wilde's character was his incorrigible middle-class snobbishness. All social distinctions appealed to him immensely. He adored titles, revered territorial names, and shared all the prejudices of the governing class: the chief agency whereby he endeared himself to English high-life. It cost his conscience nothing to declare that "the poor have no other *raison d'être* than to give birth to genius and nourish it."

In money matters, Wilde knew neither conscience nor a sense of values. When in funds, in his brief period of glory, he supported a gang of parasites. When out of funds, as was his normal state, he was

always "living on" somebody. Even in his darkest days, the money of his devoted friends was at his service, and he drew with impartial serenity on their bounty. But when Lord Alfred Douglas, who had exploited him so long, came into his property, and Oscar tried to turn the tables on him, his lordship "whipped poor Oscar with foul insults and contempt." Hospitality he was wont to accept with prodigal freedom. But, sad to record, he did not hesitate to desert a table too economically furnished to suit his pampered palate, and had no use for houses where his favorite beverage, champagne, was rationed. The extensive sympathy shown him in the disgraceful nadir of his social career proves that Oscar Wilde, after all, must have possessed a more ingratiating personality than Mr. Harris has managed to portray.

Many people believed in Oscar Wilde's innocence to the last, in the face of the most damning logical and legal evidence, and even after his conviction. This in spite of the fact that his London reputation was bad from the beginning, and that the questionable character of many of his associates caused many to avoid him even in his hey-day of celebrity. Once when Frank Harris invited a dozen gentlemen "to meet Mr. Oscar Wilde at luncheon and hear a new story," seven or eight declined the invitation. Wilde took snubs capriciously, now with brazen indifference, now with furious resentment.

After Wilde's conviction, Harris rallied nobly—and fiercely—to his support, and showed himself indefatigable in the offices of unselfish friendship. He spared no effort to procure an alleviation of Wilde's lot. Officials high and low were interviewed and petitioned until an improvement of the prisoner's condition was obtained, so great that Wilde could later on truthfully describe his last six months in the penitentiary as a happy period of his life. Harris could never understand the attitude of those who regarded Wilde's sentence as merited and were unwilling to sign a petition for his release on pardon. "For the life of me I could never forgive Meredith."—When it is considered that my presentation of Oscar Wilde is founded exclusively upon the material contained in Mr. Harris' two volumes, some difficulty may be experienced about sharing his enthusiasm over Wilde, the man, or accepting Harris' verdict that here, too, was "a man more sinn'd against than sinning." Apparently Mr. Harris, although himself the recipient of Oscar Wilde's personal confession, could never bring himself to find him guilty, and since the whole world was arrayed against his friend, the whole world had to be impeached.

The most legitimately interesting portion of Mr. Harris' study relates to the effect of Wilde's punishment on his character and his art. In the beginning, of course, the convict was broken and numbed by the indignities and tortures of prison life. But after Frank Harris' successful intercession, and the appointment of a humane governor at Reading, who showed the extraordinary prisoner every possible consideration, a great and beneficial change came over him. Mr. Harris on his second visit found him light-hearted, even gay, and looking better than he had ever seen him. Obviously the austerity of prison life agreed with him, physically. Spiritually, the experience deepened him immeasurably. "Humanity has been in the prison with us all the time," he said. He had manfully put the past under his feet. Unfortunately, the forces of evil were too strong within him (and without) to permit him to keep his life in the new grooves, and his second fall was fatal. He strayed from the hardly found Cross and returned to the pagan standpoint. But there never was any *naïveté* in his heathenism; he belonged to those sophisticated pagans who feared not the gods.

Mr. Harris' estimate of Oscar Wilde as a writer corresponds more nearly than does his interpretation of Wilde's personal character to the appraisal valid among other lovers and judges of letters. Yet here,

too, his admiration is perhaps excessive, and surely too apodictical. Clearly, Mr. Harris is a man extreme in his loves as in his hates. Wilde's best poetical production, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," can stand on its own merits as one of the noblest poems in the language, and need not be cried up with dubious superlatives as "beyond all comparison the greatest ballad in the language." To bring Wilde into comparison with Goethe on the ground of their common faith in the beautiful was perhaps an aberration of the critical judgment. In the conception of the beautiful there was between Goethe and Wilde—*si minores maximis componere licet*—a world-wide difference. When Goethe in his verdancy enunciated the dogma that "the extraordinary alone survives," his mind was on transcendental things, and for these Wilde never had the least understanding or interest. Harris himself, who knows his Goethe well, recalls the happy passage that "a man must resolve to live for the Good and Beautiful, and for the Common Weal." Oscar Wilde had about as much social sense as an African gnu. Altogether, Mr. Harris' rather Bohemian sense of the proportion and fitness of things departs so far from the current standards—and I do not mean merely the standards of the philistine—as to handicap seriously the effectiveness of his exceptionally fine and powerful command of language and skill as a writer; so that his dicta too often fly high only to fall flat. What are we to make of this species of vaticination: "The names of pushful politicians like Gladstone, Disraeli, and Wolseley will scarcely be known in a hundred years, whereas the fame of Browning or Meredith or even Wilde will increase, so that in one hundred or five hundred years no one would dream of comparing Gladstone or Beaconsfield with men of genius like Swinburne or Wilde!"

Over the choice of his subject there can be no dispute with a writer of Mr. Harris' prestige and competency. But I cannot help feeling that a less minutious account would have comported better with the rapid movement of Oscar Wilde's tragical destiny. Greater discretion in the utilization of details would have been productive of condensation, much to the improvement of the book. The first part of the work seems to me of far greater biographical merit than the sequel. Oscar Wilde's family history and his bringing up—he had an eccentric mother and a father notorious for his satyriatic proclivities—account surely, in a measure, for his pathological predisposition to irregular living and for his eventual enervation and undoing. Mr. Harris' work on Oscar Wilde gains nothing but unnecessary padding from the numerous sarcasms directed against prominent contemporaries for whom Mr. Harris displays an irrelevant animosity. Here is a specimen: "Good God—Curzon a poet!" (It is Frank Harris who is speaking.) "It's like Kitchener being taken for a great captain or Salisbury for a statesman."

Against the anticipated imputation of a renewed attack upon Oscar Wilde I wish to protest beforehand. I confess that his personality, as depicted by Mr. Frank Harris, is abhorrent to me. If therefore I should have offended by frankness, my apologies are addressed not to Mr. Harris, but to the manes of Oscar Wilde. But dislike of the man cannot lessen my great admiration of the artist's highest achievements, and he has a right to be judged by these. Oscar Wilde will never be robbed of his honorable place among the makers of modern literature; but for his translation to Olympus the day has not arrived. The question of the world's responsibility for his downfall need not and should not be reopened. Mr. Harris, to me, seems utterly in error with his thesis that Oscar Wilde was hounded to death by official persecution. If he will live forever, his immortality will be due to his only original poem, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," and to his soul-searching self-revelation entitled "De Profundis"—and herein may lie the historic vindication of the men who as his appointed judges were compelled to judge him and did their duty according to their lights and the law of the land.





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### Reflections

*(Continued from page 367)*

The laborer is worthy of his hire. But all this was before we entered the war, before any espionage acts were passed, before he as an American citizen could not help Germany otherwise than treasonably to this country. I see that the authorities have been looking into Viereck's organization for the relief of alien workers. It is said he got a lot of money from people in this country to keep that scheme going. I believe I was a member of his board of directors, with some other people more prominent than I. He sent me his annual report showing what he was doing in getting jobs for people thrown out of other jobs because they were Germans or Austrians. It seemed to me that he wasn't doing much, but he was doing something, and in particular I observed that it was specified that the people helped to positions should not help in German propaganda or spy activities. Now it is intimated that Viereck made a good thing for himself out of his relief society. I certainly did not expect that Viereck would work for nothing, or that he could afford to. As for his bank account of a heavy sum, I would not be surprised at anything. I

have called often at his editorial offices in years past and was much amused by his sudden jumping up to telephone someone as to what certain stocks were doing, and when he'd leave the luncheon table to look at the stock tape. In those days the poet had good Wall street connections. The people he got his tips from are now quite conspicuous in war activities for our side. In short, I have always liked Viereck. He always reminded me of the young Swinburne, except that he wasn't irascible. He had a casual view of life, talked epigrams, prided himself on his unmorality—as distinct from immorality. As he rather liked the insinuation that he was of royal blood it was no surprise to me that he should glorify his kinsman, the Kaiser. Most of the steadier Germans in this country in the days before we entered the war rather deplored Viereck's championship of their cause. They didn't like his pose of *Penfant prodigue*, but they welcomed anyone who would say a good word for them, even though he did it with the audacity of impudence. He is still audacious and impudent, but he hasn't been indicted for anything yet and he hasn't been interned, though the Society of Authors has expelled him, or forced him to resign. His fate still

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hangs in the balance with the Poetry Society. His business is pretty well shot to pieces. He sold his *International Magazine* to a Professor Keaseby but the periodical isn't a popular success. Doubtless he enjoys all the publicity that has been given him. Maybe he prepares to go to Germany after the war for ennoblement. To me it seems that Viereck demonstrates again the elaborate futility of Teutonic realism. Of the whole German bunch in this country it may be said that the more 'cute they thought they were, the more their fingers were all thumbs and their feet were full of shoes—Bernstorff, Dumba, Albert, von Papen, Boy-ed, Rumely, Viereck, all of them. And, oh yes, Mr. ex-Rev. William Bayard Hale. There's no dub like the wise guy, and at the races or around the prize ring it's always the talent that supplies the easiest suckers. Viereck has done himself up, like all the others. But he did write good Swinburnean-Oscar Wildean poetry and he was a captivating

pagan Chesterton in little, a precocity who wrote in German a novel at the age of twelve, called "The Degenerate." He would make a corking full-page Sunday supplement story for the New York *American*.

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*Marse Henri's Paper*

I HAD a nice letter from Marse Henri Watterson the other day in which he announced himself as restored to health and back in the ring. It was much joy to me—more even than I experienced when I read that he had received the Pulitzer prize for the best editorial written in this country in 1917. The prize money should have been sent to Marse Henri the first day of the year and of every year so long as he may continue to write. He's the only editorial writer that is left. Why? Because he is himself. Others may write editorials, but they don't write themselves; they write for institutions, stock companies. They have to keep an eye on policies of recon-



dite reach, and on stockholders and advertisers. Marse Henri doesn't have to do that. He is the last of the great editorial personalities—the elder Bennett, Dana, Greeley, Raymond, Bowles of the Springfield *Republican*, Murat Halstead, Joseph Medill, Joseph McCullagh, Joseph Pulitzer. Those men were their papers as Watterson was and is the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Now comes the news that a General Bingham, who married Mrs. Flagler and inherits a lot of money from her, has purchased the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and the Louisville *Times*. I hope this does not mean that Colonel Watterson is going to retire as editor. That would be a misfortune to journalism. It would mean the passage of its last bit of color—except the yellow that still lingers in spots. It is to be hoped that General Bingham will keep Colonel Watterson to write editorials that have flesh and blood and soul in them—not ink alone. We need idealistic editorials written by a practical man. That is what Watterson is—a practical man. I mean it's what he thinks he is—which is the same thing. He's the only editor left who has a style. It's the style of a man who has touched life at many points, who has known men and affairs. It blends colloquialism and rhetoric as the occasion demands. In his writings all his emotions have play. They are his reactions as a man of clear head and warm heart to the pageant of life. They record the adventures of his soul among men and events. For Colonel Watterson is in fact a poet and a constructive critic too. The *Courier-Journal* without him is almost unthinkable. And what would journalists do without his writing? They all love him. He is the last lingering hero of the craft from the old days—a man of enthusiasm—with a god in him. If General Bingham has five million or fifty million dollars to put into those papers, he will be poor without Marse Henri's warm, glowing, colorful, vivid thought and miraculous phrase.

#### "Friendly Enemies"

By all means the best piece of propaganda yet is the play "Friendly Enemies" presented at the Hudson theater here. It was shown first at Washington, where on the opening night, President Wilson said he couldn't add anything to its message. It had a run in Chicago, but the management, hearing that another propaganda play, by Amelie Rives, Princess Troubetzkoy, entitled "Allegiance," was to be presented here, shunted "Friendly Enemies" on to get the patriotic eye and ear first. Not much of a play I'd say, only a vaudeville sketch expanded to give mimetic opportunity to Louis Mann and Sam Bernard, both German comedians. In this play Louis Mann is a revelation. I remembered him chiefly sputtering dialect in "The Girl from Paris." Here he is now, an actor of rare scope of emotional portraiture, an artist of delicate perception and beautiful feeling. He is surely as good, I'm not sure he's not a better, actor than David Warfield. He's an old German who has made a fortune in this country but loves Germany and the German folk he knows. He doesn't believe the stories of atrocities. He simply can't. He has a friend who came to this country with him. That part is played by Sam Bernard. This German American has

dropped the hyphen, indeed, he has thrown it far from him. He's an almost ferocious American. The Bernard character is coarser than the Mann character, more flashy, more flamboyant. There you have the contrast and the argument. You can see it in the vaudeville kernel. The two comedians play off against each other. Bernard gets your guffaws, but Mann gets your smiles and your tears. Here is shown in rather crude literary fashion what many thousands of honest German Americans must have gone through as they found themselves in a world turned bitter against *Kultur* and *Schrecklichkeit*. They couldn't believe in the Huns, in the atrocities. Louis Mann makes his old German a rather noble and pathetic figure. He is finally converted to Americanism. His boy loves the daughter of *Blank*. The boy has enlisted in the United States army. He is to sail for "over there" and the father does not know of the son's action until the last minute. Here is a whole nest of good scenes, domestic, patriotic, indignant, tender, and above all, humorous. For Mann's old German has given money to a German agent to conduct a plan of education. He gave the money that he got back from his friend when he found it was invested in explosives to be used against Germany.

The transport on which the boy sails is blown up. That was the sort of education the agent had in mind. When this dawns upon Mann, all his Germanism vanishes. It's very sudden, but it's very humanly touching. The most hardened theater-goer cannot resist the pathos of Mann. It gets the audiences strongly. Mathilde Cottrelly plays of wife of *Pfeifer* (Mann). Need I say that she is most matronly charming, most homelike? The old thing must be said of her: she doesn't seem to be acting at all. The young soldier wasn't hurt. The German agent is caught and, we hope, condignly punished. And the curtain goes down on Mann and Mme. Cottrelly being taught the words of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," by their stage son, while Sam Bernard poses braggadociously with one leg across the other and a silk hat a-tilt on his head. It is as propaganda the thing has merit, not as drama. But Mann in the chief part will never be forgotten. He's the kind of dear old German we have all felt for since the war came on. There isn't a word of "hate" in the piece. Much of the "debate" in it is very poor dialectic, though marvelous dialect, but the essential spirit of Americanism in this war is in it. The play should be presented by good companies, under government auspices if necessary, wherever

there is a strong leaven of German people in the community. I see that Joe Weber and Lew Field are trying to get the rights of "Friendly Enemies" for Great Britain. They see it as opportunity for give-and-take German comedian stuff, but it is more than that. Louis Mann makes it that more by his beautiful acting, which neither Weber nor Field can approach. I suppose Princess Troubetzkoy's "Allegiance" will touch the war on a higher plane. It is to be presented by a new managerial combination—William Faversham and Maxine Elliott, though they will not play in it.

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#### Corrections

I HAVE received a letter from Mr. S. Stanwood Menken in which, with much good humor, he sets me right as to some comment of mine on him about four weeks ago. I said Mr. Menken as a prominent person in the National Security League attacked the loyalty of the University of Wisconsin and attested the loyalty of the Hearst papers. He says that he said the Hearst papers stood for preparedness, which is a fact, and "that animosity against Hearst was not related to any question of loyalty as it was to his persistent tendency to create class hatred." Mr. Menken sends me the report he made to the National Security League



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on the issues between the Wisconsin University and Professor McElroy. The university cadets were rude to Professor McElroy during an address he made to them, and he rebuked them rather sharply with implications of disloyalty. They didn't hear his imputations of disloyalty; that is they did not resent them. Mr. Menken expressly declares the university to be loyal. He cites the fact that a week prior to the students' hazing of Professor McElroy they had refused to listen to a Socialist speaker until he took the oath of allegiance. There are 1,500 students in uniform at

Wisconsin University. Mr. Menken thinks there wouldn't have been any trouble if both Professor McElroy and the university management hadn't got mad and gone off half-cocked, so to speak, over a students' prank. Mr. Menken "squares" everybody in a singularly suave document. I believe Professor McElroy is a National Security League speaker. I could wish that Mr. Menken's report was more punchful than it is, but it contains the exactly opposite intent to that I attributed to him. So I apologize for the wrong I did the gentleman, writing on the basis of some newspaper

statement. The whole affair at Madison was nothing more than a case of a lot of students in khaki, cold and wet, having walked a long distance in the rain, showing usual student restlessness during the professor's reading of extracts from the President's messages, the professor getting hot and saying things he shouldn't have said and the university officials saying things they shouldn't have said, and the whole mess getting into the papers in sensational form. Then I said something I wouldn't have said but for sheer ignorance. . . . And while I'm correcting things it's in order to say that by a sort

of heterophemy I wrote last week that the name of the lawyer who left \$15,000,000 to Yale was Slaughter, when it was in fact Sterling. A man who gives \$15,000,000 to a university deserves better than to have his name misspelled in the gazette, as Byron said, even though that man's bequest is not one calculated to help win Yale away from the antique economics that not only recognize but sacrosanctify private property in land. Mr. Sterling bought land upon land around New York and waited for the unearned increment. Wherever up in Westchester county you find a farm with the barns and houses painted yellow, that's a place owned by Sterling. The values keep going up all the time as New York grows to the north. Yale will continue to get those values. Will it ever teach heartily a philosophy that holds those values don't and can't belong to anybody but should and do belong to everybody? Still, Mr. Sterling meant well and I'm sorry that I called him Mr. Slaughter. I can't explain the error, unless—*c'est la guerre*. And I wish everyone could hear Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple pronounce that French phrase in his war speeches. It is terrible to the enemy as was the name of *Falstaff*. It is the pronunciation of an "a-wrist-watch-crat." But I'll say this for Joe, he doesn't dare try to pronounce Rheims like the French do.

♦♦♦

## Letters From the People

### Library Liberties

St. Louis, Mo., July 26, 1918.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

Dear Sir:—Entirely surrounding two sides of the base of our magnificent and imposing library building on Olive street, there runs, just seat-high, a broad and inviting ledge of rather dingy granite. In front of this reclining place, running parallel to it, and within the outer balusters marking off the library grounds from the sidewalk, is an intimate and paved promenade, almost wholly protected of mornings from the sun, and terminating at the Olive street side in the delicious vision of a large semi-circular bird fountain, displaying real water.

Of an older time this retreat would have extended a genial welcome to the less worldly endowed wise men and philosophers of the age and city. It would have afforded shade and wind to their reflection and counsels. It would have said to these guardians of the divine unrealities, "Come rest upon my spacious gallery and make these walls rich in the inspiration of your voices and your thoughts, until even the carved names upon my architraves shall become animate, and join in your discussions." It was just such a place I imagine that cherished the peripatetic philosophers.

But alas, these fine old manners are now discarded. To-day the pleasant confines of the library grounds are reserved—for what? To be looked at, from a humble and respectful distance!

Within easy hearing of the musical play of the fountain's waters I sat upon this ledge, which is certainly made for sitting upon, one day during my invaluable lunch hour. I had indulged the fancy a number of times before. The sky lured me and the shade, and the pleasant breezes that shift about the cor-

Editor of

Under Exploit, C. F. H. were in heritance

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ners of the building even on hot days. I liked also to break the monotony of my reading by stray glances at more or less picturesque and suggestion-breeding specimens of fellow men and women, passing upon the walks. There is, it is true, a park lovely with flowers and grass, and generously supplied with benches, just across Locust street. But it is at the noon hour bathed too freely with sunlight for sedentary enjoyment. I passed it up for the classic stone—the park was lovelier to look at than to linger in. . . . I was reading Reedy's latest newsy letter to his paper from New York, and had just come to the point where he said: "But the center of American economic, philosophic, critical thought remains at St. Louis—" I was just "rising" to this inspiring thought, when a blue-uniformed attendant approached me and said in a low, well-bred voice, "It is against the rules for *gentlemen* (sic) to sit around the outside of the building. There are comfortable seats and plenty of light within."

I was dumfounded and deeply hurt, in spite of the trained politeness of the bearer of the *Verboten*. I remain absolutely unappeased, one of the dearest privileges of my life torn from me forever, one of the sweetest moments of my day rendered dreary and drab and aimless, except to eat.

I wonder if something cannot be done to alter this ridiculous rule. Will not others, who like me, cherish the ancient privilege of the open air, make this column hum with their own denunciation? Is this rule American, or German? Is it right or decent, or even reasonable? Is there any sense in it? Is it legal—a municipal ordinance? Or is it a New Yorkism, imported by that progressive gentleman who now rules the destinies of our great library founded by a great democrat, Frederick Crunden?

ORRICK JOHNS.

#### Abolishing Inheritance

St. Louis, July 18, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Under the heading "Capital Cannot Exploit," in the MIRROR of July 12, Mr. C. F. Hunt shows that if the single tax were in full operation, no abolition of inheritances would be necessary.

All exploiting power, he argues, lies in the monopolization of natural resources.

Destroy the privilege of monopolizing natural resources, he says, and no exploiting power remains.

He quotes Henry George to show that capital as such has no exploiting power, and that it is only when capital is allowed to buy and hold what it cannot use that it is able to exploit labor.

Capital, like the dog in the manger, having all the natural resources it can use, secures the rest of the earth's resources that it cannot use, and holds them out of use. This prevents labor from competing with capital. It seals up the world against the worker. The worker, having no place else to go, must come to the monopolist and work on the monopolist's terms.

The only way to prevent this condition is to prevent land monopoly. The only way to prevent land monopoly is to take

the profit out of it. The only way to do this is to establish the single tax.

So says C. F. Hunt.

So says Henry George.

And so say I.

Mr. Hunt to the contrary, I am not a Socialist, but a single taxer.

But I am not an Aladdin's Lamp single taxer. I do not believe we will get the single tax by wishing for it. We cannot open the door to the cave of the *Forty Thieves* by saying, "Open Sesame." I have worked for the single tax in Missouri long enough to know that you cannot reason with a ground hog or argue with a boa constrictor. The land monopolist is not open to argument. He does not understand the term, "increment of community values." He only gets it. He has not read "Progress and Poverty" because he does not want to, and could not understand it if he did.

Break his power first, and argue with him afterward.

What is the bulwark of his strength? The exploiting power of capital.

What maintains this bulwark from generation to generation? The law of inheritance.

It is here that my friend Hunt becomes tearful and illogical. He admits that inheritance could do no harm, if we had single tax, for then, he says, "inheritance would merely pass on the bad moral title to unearned wealth;" and in that single phrase he waives the whole argument and admits that I am right,—that inheritance now does harm.

For if it is right to take away the power to exploit, by the single tax, it must also be right to break it up by the abolition of inheritance.

Mind you, I do not say that the abolition of inheritance will take away all possibility of exploiting. I merely say that the exploiter will have to begin at the beginning. He will not be born enthroned. He will be born equal to all other babies. Then, and not till then, will he consent to the single tax, or any other reform. Then, and not till then, will he read and understand Henry George. His inherited money power must first be broken.

Mr. Hunt still refuses to present any argument supporting his proposition that the right to property involves the right to give it away. Upon this point I call his attention to the case of Magnus (32 Colo. 527, p. 853) and ten other cases cited on page 28 of Blakemore and Bancroft's "Inheritance Taxes," in which it is shown that the right to inherit is not a natural right but a privilege, a creature of statute; and, if he is looking for an older authority than our own courts, I refer him to Blackstone (Vol. II, Chap. I, Sec. 10) in which the great jurist declares that our inheritance law is a "civil convenience" taking place at the death of the owner "when, both the actual possession and intention of keeping possession ceasing, the property which is founded on such possession and intention ought also to cease, of course." And if, perchance, my good friend Hunt wants an older authority than that, I refer him to the Maker of the World, who sends all babes into the world equally poor and equally naked, and who declared that each should earn his bread by the sweat of his own face. The justification of inherited money power is a slander upon

the Creator and calls upon God as a defendant of aristocracy; for aristocracy has its foundation in the hereditary principle.

God created neither kings nor money-kings. The inequalities of mankind have been created by themselves.

Brother Hunt cannot show one reason why any child can be justified in receiving what he has not earned. He has shown none yet, but is merely assuming that such a right exists.

The trouble is, to show that the unborn child is entitled to property, Bro. Hunt will have to show what the child did to create the title; which is a pretty difficult proposition when a babe is still in the womb.

HARLAN EUGENE READ.

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#### Marts and Money

There's little of importance going on in Wall street these days. The dullness is of a somniferous kind. Professionals are running things to suit themselves. This means that activity is confined principally to Steel common and some four or five specialties, in which the dear public is very slenderly interested, if at all. Latterly there was considerable agitation in and about such worthies as Distillers, United States Realty, and Worthington Pump. Exactly why people should be itching to get into stocks of this variety is a profound conundrum. They are something different, of course. There's allurements in the perverse and the unknown. About the only thing of quality that moved in laudable manner was Canadian Pacific, the quotation for which advanced to 153¾, a new maximum, representing a gain of over \$27 over the low level of 1917. As I hinted on a previous occasion, the buying in this instance has been accumulative for several months, and undoubtedly been stimulated by rising hopes of a decisive German defeat at a not remote date. People well fixed, financially, should not miss the opportunity of purchasing C. P. at the right moments for a patient hold. It's a highly meritorious proposition, with exceptionally pronounced latent recuperative powers, which should manifest themselves in striking fashion even before the establishment of a truce among the belligerents. The auspicious significance of the improvement in the value of this stock is unquestionable. It chimes in quite well with the tenor of advices from France. Traders must beware, however, of being too premature in suiting action to cheerful reasoning if their ability to margin up is not as strong as it should be in these fateful times. The government has taken over the American Telephone & Telegraph and the Western Union Telegraph Companies. As a result, the stocks of both show further depreciation. W. U. is rated at 80 bid at this moment. About a week ago sales were made at 87. A. T. & T. is down to 93¾, a new minimum since 1907, when 88 was touched for a few minutes. Wall street folks seem apprehensive of further losses in values. The bonds of the two companies have not been seriously affected thus far, and there's no probability that they will be, in the absence of a sharp *déroute* in the general financial situation. Of course, they, too, indicate material declines when

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contrasted with the quotations of former years. The prices of railroad stocks registered smart advances, varying from eight to fifteen points, after announcement of nationalization. They reflected the satisfaction felt among holders on account of the federal guaranty of surplus earnings, that is, of interest and dividend payments. With reference to the issue of \$44,500,000 American Telephone & T. convertible bonds—we are told that

the stockholders subscribed for only 30 per cent of the total, or to about \$14,000,000; the balance had to be taken by the underwriting syndicate. The change in affairs is evidently deeply disliked among the owners, who fear the possible effects of substantial growth in operating expenses, which, it is said, is to be counterpoised partially, if not entirely, by higher charges for service. There can be no denying that the government

is superbly successful in surmounting difficulties that have baffled public service corporations for years. The consequences are not altogether reassuring, however. Nor could they be reasonably expected to satisfy all parties in interest, in view of the extraordinary circumstances confronting the nation on all sides. Steel common fluctuated in a rather monotonous way in the last few days. The extremes were 104½ and 108. It is probable that the quotation would have made notable response to favorable war reports if buying had not been checked to some extent by lingering doubts concerning the quarterly dividend. Authoritative opinion still is that the finance committee will declare the regular \$4.25 on the common this week. Wall street was anew set to hard thinking about industrial financing by the news that the Bethlehem Steel Corporation has called a meeting of stockholders for August 8 in order to obtain approval of a proposed issue of \$500,000,000 bonds under a consolidated mortgage covering all properties and assets. Stockholders are also to be asked to consent to the issuance of \$70,000,000 bonds under the mortgage for the purpose of securing the \$50,000,000 7 per cent notes recently sold to investors. There can be no doubt that the Bethlehem is a growing concern. Since 1916 its capital stock has increased from \$29,000,000 to about \$110,000,000. During the same time the corporation has floated two large issues of notes, aggregating to \$100,000,000. There's nothing surprising about all this. Charles M. Schwab is an infectiously constructive mind. He causes great expansion both in business and capitalization. He played a potent part in the upbuilding of the U. S. Steel Corporation. He now is similarly active in the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and his efforts are singularly favored by the unprecedented conjuncture of time and necessities. That he is the supreme personality of the hour in regard to shipbuilding he has already convincingly demonstrated. One only wonders how he manages to attend to all his exacting duties simultaneously. He is a close rival of Mr. McAdoo in this respect. Respecting the steel industry one can truthfully say that federal monopolization is complete. Production and sales are rigidly supervised and regulated. The *Iron Trade Review* has this to say: "Inured to the shocks of war through sixteen months' experience, the iron and steel industry has failed to become excited over the developments of the past week, during which the wrench was again applied to the bolts that are slowly clamping the lid on the activities of non-essential consumers of both raw and finished products. On Thursday the war industries board announced that the government's steel requirements for the last half of this year are 20,000,000 tons, pointing out at the same time that our best previous production in a similar period was only 16,500,000 tons. This was followed almost immediately by a statement that non-war users of steel must make out an inventory of their stocks, which, it was intimated, are subject to seizure if the situation should warrant such action. The drift is clearly toward further and further restriction of blast furnaces and steel works output to definite war essentials." In view of facts and tendencies such as these, it

appears natural that speculation on the stock exchange in New York should be on the wane, despite recurrent spells of animation. It is realized that even the markets for money and securities must increasingly be subjected to the control of the Washington authorities. The taxative proposals are stupendous. They compel retrenchment in every direction. They render inevitable a steadily growing intensity of concentration of funds and credit. They do not admit of broad speculation on the exchanges. Money is tight in New York, as well as all over the country. There's little to be had for stock exchange purposes at the fixed rate of 6 per cent. This doubtless accounts for the short duration of bull efforts. Government and bankers are resolutely opposed to inflation and stock jobbing of objectionable kind. For this relief, much thanks.

✧

*Finance in St. Louis*

On the local stock exchange trading is concentrated mostly in Bank of Commerce, Brown Shoe and International Shoe certificates. The price of the first-named is up to 120. This implies a new maximum for the present upward movement. It is indeed the best figure in quite a long while. Last year's top was 118.50. About fifteen years ago the stock was in brisk demand at over 300. Brown Shoe common, a 6 per cent stock, is rated at 67 to 67.50. The high point in 1917 was 74. Nearly three hundred and fifty shares were marketed lately. Twenty International Shoe preferred brought 104.50, and twenty-five of the common 97.75 to 98. Last March the value of the last-named stock was up to 101; as much as 105 was paid in 1917. Fifty shares of Ely-Walker D. G. common were transferred at 105, and two \$500 Laclede Gas first 5s at 98.25. This seems a remarkably good price under present financial conditions. Quotations for United Railways issues indicate no changes of importance. Fifteen shares of the preferred were taken at 15.25 the other day.

✧

*Latest Quotations*

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank .....	103	.....
Nat. Bank of Commerce .....	115	118½
United Rys. pfd. ....	14½	.....
United Rys. 4s .....	50	51
Brown Shoe com. ....	67½	68
Brown Shoe pfd. ....	96	98
National Candy com. ....	43	43½
Nat. Candy 2d pfd. ....	85	87

✧

*Answers to Inquiries*

R. A., Tecumseh, Neb.—The common stock of the American Beet Sugar Co. has received \$2 per quarter since April, 1917, and it is understood that this will be paid until January 31, 1919. An extra dividend of \$12 was paid in March, 1917. There are no expectations of a special disbursement this year. The present price of the stock (68) obviously implies considerable doubt as to the stability of the 8 per cent after next January. It intimates a cut to 7 or 6 per cent. A 7 per cent rate is already discounted. A 6 per cent rate would doubtless reduce the stock's price to 60. In order to stimulate production, the government may deem it advisable to grant an advance in the price of sugar. In such event the stock might rally ten or twelve points.

QUERY, St. Louis.—Owners of U. S. Cast Iron Pipe & Foundry common have received nothing since 1907, when \$4 was



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paid. The best quotation in the last two or three years has been 35½. The current figure is 14¾. The dividend records of the company are disappointing. Only 5 per cent is paid on the preferred, though the fixed non-cumulative rate is 7 per cent. The improvement in earnings since 1915 has not been sufficient to justify hopes of a resumption of common dividends at an early date.

T. J. H. St. Marys, Mo.—Cannot recommend investment in the "Investors' Syndicate" of Minneapolis, or any other concern of a similar kind. If you have surplus funds at hand, consult a reliable banker or broker regarding investment in good securities, either stocks or bonds. Don't act on your own initiative or on the suggestions of parties whose standing and reputation are not thoroughly known. At any rate, keep away from the new and the untried. Get the old reliable things, especially in these times. They are not hard to get, and real cheap; many of them are cheaper than they ever have been.

J. D. M., Cleveland, O.—Goodrich common is chiefly speculative. The 4 per cent does not seem in jeopardy at present. The surplus for 1917, after all dividends and federal taxes, was \$6,296,677. There's no suggestive cheapness about the present price of 45. The danger signal would be hoisted in case of a drop to 38. A few years back the stock was rated at 80¼. Like other commercial and industrial concerns, the Goodrich is under the necessity of maintain-

ing heavy cash balances. So you are not likely to err if you abandon hopes of a 5 or 6 per cent rate. The federal treasury needs the coin more than you do right now.

STEADY READER, Tacoma, Wash.—(1) Oregon Short Line refunding 4s, quoted at 82, are a commendable investment. The price is attractive; it compares with a high notch of 94¾ in 1917. The Union Pacific owns all the stock of the company, as also about \$42,000,000 of its bonds. (2) Indiana Steel 5s are not overvalued at 94½, the current price. They might decline to 92 or 91, however, in case of indefinite prolongation of the war.

LONG, Syracuse, N. Y.—Cannot advise additional purchase of Distilling Securities at 56. Hold what you have and run your chances. The gang may contrive another advance of some importance by and by, and give you an opportunity to let go without loss. Stocks of this sort should be let alone, no matter how seductively they may be tipped on the street.

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*The Honorable*—My boy, do you realize how great is the solemnity of an oath, before you commit yourself?

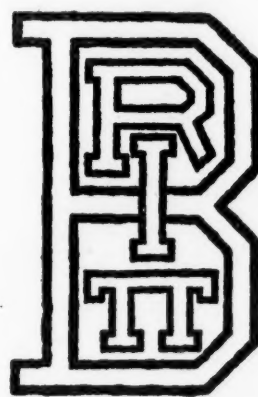
*The Boy*—Why—why, yes, sir. I cad-died for you last Sunday.—*Widow.*

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When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

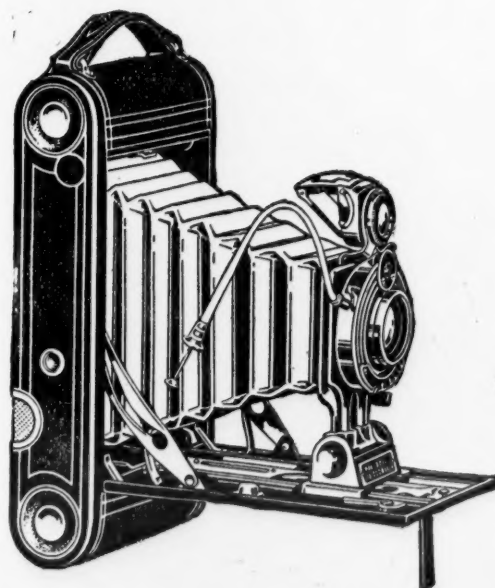
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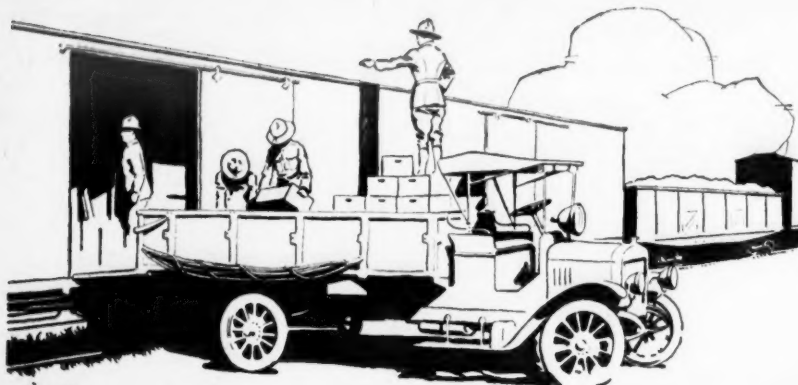
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## THE REBUFF



When Colonel Torrey invited the chairman and the City Committee of St. Louis to dinner so they might get acquainted, the chairman declined to permit the colonel to meet and dine with the committee. Many members have called in person to show their resentment and the fair-minded, red-blooded voters of the city will show that they cannot be driven like slaves by any boss and will carry the city for the soldier candidate.

The issue is government from the bottom vs. government from the top. This issue has been forced on us by the arbitrary attempt of one man to dictate whom the Republicans shall nominate for United States Senator.

The armies of the civilized world are shooting to death on European soil the divine right of might as exemplified by one man rule, and red blooded Americans won't stand for that sort of thing in patriotic Missouri.

Bust bossism by voting for Col. Jay L. Torrey, the candidate of all the people, on August 6th.

TORREY CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE